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VERMONT TRANSCRIPT.

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By HENRY A. CUTLER.

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Selected Poetry.

The following is a very fair imitation of "The Battle of the Kegs," a Revolutionary ballad. It celebrates the achievement of the rebels at Vicksburg, which eclipsed the British fight with the kegs:

[Written for the Boston Journal.]

THE BATTLE OF THE QUAKER GUNBOAT.

BY BENJAMIN BREW.

Muse, come and tell, of what befell
Where Vicksburg stands, defended
By rebel knaves whose yellow slaves
From Ham are all descended.

"To know just where their batteries are
Is now my chief desire."
So Porter said, and rubbed his head,
"I'll plan to draw their fire.

A monster boat I'll set afloat
To drift a down the stream,
And when it comes they'll beat the drums,
And shot and shell shall scream."

With Yankee craft he rigged a raft
In Monitorial trim;
The deck was graced with hogsheads placed
Like turrets strong and grim.

Each chimney stack was high and black,
Of Porter barrels stout—
To carry smoke and aid the joke
He knocked the bottoms out.

Quite handy lay the rocks and clay,
Thrown out from many a ditch;
He made of these his furnaces,
And filled them up with pitch.

And when 'twas dark this awful barque
Was from the shore unmoored;
The fires burned free, and on went she,
With not a soul on board.

The solid shot came quick and hot,
The shells flew thick and fast;
But stanuch and strong she smoked along
And all their batteries passed.

The Queen of the West she thought at best
To turn tail and scuttlehile,
Nor dared to ram at Porter's sham
With never a gun nor paddle.

The rebel scare filled all the air,
And caught the rebel crows—
Our iron-clad, which made us glad,
Alas! we're bound to lose.

"To strike our flag," cried bragging Brag,
It were a bitter cup;
My gals must go, and bid them blow
The Indianola up."

The monster came, in smoke and flame—
Their terror still increases,
With all despatch they touch the match,
And blow their prize in pieces.

How Brag did swear and pull his hair,
Chagrined, and shamed, and sick,
To be so whooped and blindly fooled
By Porter's Yankee trick!

Selected Miscellany.

A DESCENT INTO THE CATACOMBS.

The following thrilling account of a descent into the Catacombs is from William C. Prime's "Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia," published by Harper & Brothers:

The descent into the cavern was by sitting on the edge, swinging off with one hand on each side of the hole, and dropping into the depths below, where a soft bed of sand received us, in a chamber just large enough to hold the the eight persons of whom the party consisted—all standing in a stooping posture, while we lighted our candles and arranged for progress. I tossed my tarbouche and takes up to Adb-el-Atti, and left my head bare. Then—following the principal guide, I lay down flat on my face, holding my candle before me, and began to advance with as close a resemblance to a snake's motion as human vertebræ will admit of. My own guide and Abdallah followed me; the English gentleman next, and the dragoman and guide bringing up the rear. I progressed slowly and with great difficulty, constantly bruising my back on the sharp points of the rock above me, some five or six yards. Legh calls it eight; but I think it is not so much. We were now able to stand up again in stooping posture, the ceiling being a little over four feet high, and thus advanced eight or ten rods further, until we reached the chamber of which Mr. Legh speaks.

I am of opinion that we had now arrived just under the bed of the torrent I have spoken of; and the entire cavern which I afterwards explored, is a natural fissure in the rock running under this point of meeting of two hills, and following the line of the valley between them. This is, of course, a conjecture, as I did not take a compass with me to determine the course.

This chamber was a small, irregular, cavernous room, the floor of which was covered with shapeless masses of stone that had fallen from the roof. Over these we stepped with great difficulty. I need not remark that the darkness was profound, and the air already became so close that our candles burned but dimly, so that each man was obliged to hold his own at his feet to determine where to set them. Crossing the room, we stepped over a chasm between a mass of rock and the wall of the chamber, to a point in the wall which presented a rugged edge, and from this into a narrow doorway, about four feet high. I call it a doorway, for it resembles one, though I could find no signs of artificial origin about it. It was almost square, and opened into a sort of gallery, the floor of which was covered with broken rock, and interrupted by huge deep fissures. A ledge at the side afforded tolerable walking for some distance, in a stooping posture; and then we again lay down on our faces and crawled through a passage twenty feet in length, entering the largest chamber in the pit.

It was a very irregular chasm, perhaps seventy or a hundred feet in diameter. Entrance to it was almost forbidden by clouds of bats that met me in the narrow passage through which I was crawling, dashing into my face, wounding my forehead and cheeks, clinging by scores to my hair and beard, like so many thousand devils disputing the entrance to hell. I can give no adequate idea of this chamber of horrors in which I now found myself. Profoundly silent we had crawled along, each man having a fast beating heart, and listening to its throbs; and now, as I emerged into this room, the loud whirr of the myriads of bats was like the sounds of another world into which I had penetrated. I staggered forward to a rock, and sat down, when a piercing yell started me to my feet. It rang through the cavern as if the arch fiend himself were there tormenting some poor soul. But it was only one of my poor friends who were making their first entrance to an Egyptian catacomb, and had never before encountered the bats, with whom I was thoroughly familiar. The one who was in advance was overwhelmed by the army that met him as he approached the room.

"What is it?" I shouted.

"Those bats; they are devouring me."

"Push on; they'll not harm you."

"My light is gone, and I can see nothing."

"Here is my light; come toward me." I had relit my candle, which had been put out as his was, and was now seated in the centre of the cavern, on a black rock, holding it up before my face. As he emerged into the room, and caught sight of me, he uttered a howl of mingled astonishment and terror.

"Pluto or Sathanas, by all the Gods!" said his friend, coming up behind him, and looking at me. My appearance must have been picturesque, in my primitive costume, now begrimmed with dirt, and seven bats (they counted them) hanging on my beard, with a perfect net-work and Medusa-coil of them in my hair. I was very little disturbed by the harmless little fellows, although, before coming to Egypt, I scarcely knew an animal in the world so disgusting in my mind.

But the atmosphere, if it may be so called, of this chamber, was beyond all description horrible. It was not an air to faint in; there was too much ammonia for that. It was foul, vile, terrible. I confess that as I found myself panting for breath, and drawing long, deep inspirations, to very choking, without "reaching the right place" in my lungs (I think every one understands that), I trembled for an instant at the thought of going further. It was but an instant, however, and the desire to see the great repository of the sacred animals overpowered the momentary terror.

"Abdallah?" —

"Ya, Howajji."

"If anything happens; if I fall down, give out, or faint, don't you run. Tell the guides that I have ordered Abd-el-Atti to shoot them, man by man, as they come out, if one of them appears without me. Do you pour this down my throat, and drag me out to the entrance. You understand?"

"Aiowah, Ya Howajji. Fear not; I will do it."

"Recollect that if I die, you all die; that is arranged for, as surely as you, one of you, attempt the entrance without me; Abd-el-Atti is ready for you."

The guides had listened attentively, and having seen me hand my pistol to my trusty dragoman, before coming down, they believed every word of it, although it never occurred to me until this moment.

The guides were all at fault here, precisely as they were in Mr. Legh's time, and that of every traveller since. This chamber has been the end of most attempts to explore the pits. The intense darkness is some excuse for this, since our eight candles wholly failed to show a wall anywhere around or above us. The men proposed that we should sit still, while they tried various passages opening out of the room. To this I objected, much preferring to trust myself at a juncture like this. In that intense blackness it was not easy even to find the way we had come in; for, of course, there was no guide north or south, except my recollection of the shape of the rock on which I was seated, and its bearings as I approached it. The reader will bear in mind that the whole floor of the room was covered with immense masses of rock, among which we moved about in search of outlets, leaving always one person on that rock to mark its locality.

After trying three passages that led nowhere, I hit on that one which the guides pronounced correct, and the party advanced. For the benefit of future explorers, if any such there be, I may explain that it is the first passage which goes out of the chamber to the right, as you enter it. That is to say, keeping the right hand wall will bring you to it, leaping a chasm at its entrance. This is the chasm of which Legh speaks. I found it only about six feet deep.

The passage which we now entered ran so low that I found it necessary to creep on my hands and knees, and sometimes to crawl, snake fashion, full length. It continued for a distance that I hesitate to estimate. It is wholly impossible to guess at the progress one is making in such postures. Henniker, I think, makes it four hundred yards. I should think a thousand feet was a very large estimate, but it may be as much. The air was now worse, lacking the ammonia. It seemed to be pure nitrogen. The lungs operated freely, but took no benefit or refreshment from it, while the heat was awful, and perspiration rolled down our faces and bodies, soaking our clothes, and making mud on our features and hands with the fine dust that filled the atmosphere.

At length the passage became so narrow, that my progress was entirely blocked. My broad shoulders would not go through and I paused to consider the matter. The hole was about eighteen inches wide, and a little more than two feet high. Evidently, Mr. Legh did not pass beyond this. I was obliged to lay over on my right side, presenting my body (o its narrow way up and down, and pushing with all the strength of my feet as well as pulling with my hands on the floor and rocky projections, I forced myself along about eight feet. In this struggle my brandy flask, which was in my trousers pocket, being under me, was broken to pieces, and my sole hope, in the event of a giving out of my faculties was gone. At the time I thought little of it, laughing at the occurrence as I called out to those that followed me; but afterwards I remembered the accident with a shudder. The only argument that had allowed me to persuade myself to attempt this exploration was a promise that I would take brandy with me, which no one else had done, and if necessary, secure artificial strength thereby. It was gone now, and I was more than a thousand feet from light and air, in a passage that did not average four feet by two its entire length.

A vigorous push sent me out into a more open passage, and a sort of a doorway opened into a gallery on a level two feet lower. Jumping down this step I was, for the first time in nearly a half hour, where I could stand upright. My English friend shouted for help behind me. His light was gone out and he was literally stuck in the hole. I returned, touched my candle to his, and gave him a hand to drag him through, and in a few moments we were all standing together. We now advanced some hundred feet, perhaps three, perhaps five hundred feet, in a stooping posture mostly, but occasionally crawling as before, and at length, as we crept, the rough and very low parts of the gallery and the roof began to lift, and I found I was actually crawling over mummies. There was just here a sort of blind passage, at the side of the chief passage, in which the French expedition had carved their names. The wall was covered with a jet black substance, like the purest lamp black, which the point of a knife would scrape off, exposing the white rock. Numerous stalactites hung from the ceiling, all jet black, and some grotesque stalagmites at the sides of the passage startled me at first with the idea that they were sculptures. This black, sooty matter I cannot account for, unless it be the exhalations in ancient times from the crocodiles which were laid here, for we were at last in the depository.

The floor was covered with crocodile bones and mummy cloths. A spark of fire falling into them would have made this a veritable hell. As this idea was suggested, my English friends, whose experience in the narrow hole had been sufficiently alarming, vanished out of sight. They fairly ran. Having seen the mummies, and seized a few small ones in their hands, they hastened out, and left me with Abdallah and my two guides. Advancing over the mummies and up the hill which they formed, I found that I was in one of the number of large chambers, of the depth of which it was of course, impossible to get any idea, as they were piled full of mummied crocodiles to the very ceiling. There was no means of estimating the number of them. When I say there were thousands of them, I shall not be thought to exaggerate, after I describe the manner in which they were packed and laid in.

Climbing to the top of the hill and extinguishing all lights but one, which I made Abdallah hold very carefully, I began to throw down the top of the pile to ascertain of what it was composed, and at length I made an opening between the mummies and the ceiling, through which I could go on further, descending a sort of hill of those dead animals, such as I had come up. In this way I progressed some distance, in a gallery or chamber that was not less than twenty feet wide, and probably twenty or thirty feet deep.

The crocodiles were laid in regular layers, head to tail and tail to head. First on the floor was a layer of large crocodiles, side by side, each one mummied and wrapped up in cloths. Then smaller ones were laid between the tails, and filling up the hollows between them. Then, and most curious of all, the remaining instertices were packed full of young crocodiles, measuring with remarkable uniformity about thirteen inches in length, each one stretched out between two slips of palm-leaf stem, which were bound to its sides like splints, and then wrapped from head to foot in a slip of cloth, wound round, commencing at the tail, and fastened at the head. Then small ones were made up in bundles, usually of eight, and packed in closely wherever they could be stowed. I brought out more than a hundred of them, of which my friends in Egypt seized on the most as curiosities, but I succeeded in getting some twenty or thirty of them to America with me.

This layer completed, a layer of palm branches was carefully laid over it, spread thick and smooth, and then a second and precisely similar layer of crocodiles was made, another of palm branches, and thus continued to the ceiling. These palm branches, stems and mummies lie here in precisely the state they were two thousand years ago. No leaf of the palm has decayed. There could have been no moisture from the mummies whatever; or if any, it had no effect upon the palm branches.

Among these crocodiles I found the mummies of many men.

Sitting down on the side of the hill, by the dim candle light, I overhauled gods and men with sacrilegious hands. It was a strange, wild and awful scene. Among all the pictures that my memory has treasured of wandering life, I have none so fearful and thrilling as this. It was hell, a still, silent, cold hell. All these bodies lay in rooms, in close packages, like so many souls damned to eternal silence and sorrow in this prison. Five bodies of men that I drew out of the mass lay before me, with their hideous stillness and inaction. I dared them to tell me in words the reproaches of which their silent frowns were so liberal; reproaches for penetrating their abode and disturbing the repose of twenty or forty centuries.

These were of the poorest and most common sort, destitute of any Box. Wound in coarse cloth, and laid in the grave with the beasts that were sacred to their god. One I found afterwards in a thin plain box, but it contained no indication of its period, and bore no marks of its owner's name or position, much to my disappointment.

"Let us go further," I said to the guides at length.

"There is no further."

I was satisfied that the entrance we had effected was not by the passage known to the ancients, and that some other outlet lay beyond these chambers. I pushed my way over the piles of mummies to a point where another low passage went on, but it was too difficult of exploration to tempt me into it. It may lead to an outlet in the desert hitherto unknown, or that outlet may be long ago covered over by the shifting sands.

What was the object of all this preservation of the Nile monsters, it is not within the scope of this volume to discuss. It is at least a mystery, for we know so little of the Egyptian theory of a hereafter, that we cannot understand what part the birds and beasts were to take in the resurrection.

I crawled out as I had crawled in. Before I came out from the chamber of horror (Mad. Tussaud's is nothing like it), I laid the wreck of my brandy flask on a projecting shelf of rock, where the next explorer will find it. The chances are that it will turn up in the British or Prussian Museum, as evidence of the bad habits of the ancient Egyptians, thus proved to be strong in death.

[From the Round Table.]

OLD LETTERS.

I always keep my letters, and occasionally, on some dreary autumn or winter day, I drag from its hiding-place for a twelvemonth the little old trunk that for generations has been an heirloom in the family, and, bringing it out in the light of my pleasant study, reanimate the lifeless forms that lie buried within its black sides, and spend half the day in walking with these old friends the dreamy paths of pasted-away. What care I though aged trees creak dismally and wave their branches in speechless supplication for quiet and peace in their declining years, and the evergreens sigh mournfully as the chilling winds rush through them and stay not to dally with their graceful leaves as did the summer breezes—though the old house moan and rock from cellar to garret, and the rats go scampering through the wainscot at sound of then unusual tumult? I and my cheerful fire and these old letters are having a grand re-union, and the nectar of memory has made me oblivious of the outer world to-day.

Here are packets yellow with time that often, deep in the stillness of a winter's night, have been opened and counted through the lens of a tear-drop as thoughts of school days way from home with gentle counsels and anxious inquiries after health came linked with the familiar words. The needed hints in regard to improvement of time and the value of money; home advice as to the repairing of a garment, and questions as to whether others will last through the term; cheering words of comfort among strangers, and assurances of love and fond remembrance among the dear ones, written with the intention of lightening the burden of home-sickness, but from their very kindness adding much thereto—all and more are familiar as household words, and need only a sigh of the hastily written address to be called again into consciousness.

Here are packages of later origin, each marked with the inevitable stamp—letters from true and tried friends, worth their weight in gold; letters of condolence, letters of joy; words of cheer for darkest hours, of reproof for vain thoughts and frivolous babblings; essays on politics and public economy, to prove the wisdom of the writer and the patience of the reader; two-sheeted craft laden with ballast and trumpery; fair missives crossed and re-crossed till one is reminded of the illustrations of a sewing-machine's unravelable stitch; selections of poetry; pressed flowers; dunning letters. Oh, he that has no little black trunk stowed away in a corner for a twelve month to pull out on such a dark and gloomy day as this, never knows the joy and pleasure of old letters from faithful and foolish friends!

Here is one from a pet, the schoolmaster's pet, who in twelve years seemed to have united the experience and wisdom of many women of twenty-five with the grace and loveliness of childhood, and to have answered the call of the Father with p e i s armfuls gathered in her short career. See how carefully it is punctuated for the teacher's critical eye, and with what earnest desire the short fingers tried to make straight the long lines that would go crookedly any way; how after the master has returned to his studies, she writes him, as "Most Dignified," "to do nothing to disgrace the high-sounding title of Senior, nor even to put his feet on the mantel-piece;" to beware of the silken meshes of Love's net; and mixes in occasionally, burning with the fire of her lost and newest study, a few well chosen French phrases, setting off thereby more fully the beauty and purity of her child-English.

Love letters? Of course. That packet in the corner there, none of these bound with cotton strings or rubber bands, but the one tied with a blue ribbon, a little soiled I perceive, the bare sight of which gives me that dizziness Burns speaks of, and sets me at the old wondering whether single life be not contemptibly selfish and unnatural. See how the rollicking words go tripping over the tinted page to the rarest and the sweetest music that ever floats through human life; with what careless grace the most sedate and dignified letters join hands with their coquettish little partners and tiptoe on as the delicious surges rise and sink. See those great top-heavy, tumble down T's and F's come rolling in, almost staggering with the amount of purple life that has mounted to their brains, as if they had drunk too deeply of the strong wine of Love; while here and there is an A or an N with its feet planted firmly, striving to withstand with its sober dignity the mad march of its thoughtless companions.

And so we run through the packet. The alphabet is having a grand galaday—look at that jolly B nearly splitting its sides with laughter—and poor commonplace words are dressed with most becoming witchery. But stop! here are some at the bottom of the package that look more sober, even downcast. The big capitals are all in strait-jackets, and the little cherry letters are as demure as stealthy-paced, white clad nuns. 'Tis too much like a mad-house, or a funeral of a dead hope; let us tie them up again and lay them away in their corner; and, reader, I'll carry the little black trunk to its hiding-place till I can see more clearly—it grows dark so suddenly these winter days—and wait till the storm howls less furiously down the big chimney and sends less pitiful wailings through every crevice and cranny, ere I show you more of its treasures.

MY CRUELTY TO MY RELATIVES.

I had an old aunt coming to visit me for the first time since my marriage; and I don't know what evil genius prompted me to the wickedness, but I said to my wife on the day before my ancient relative's arrival:

"My dear, you know Aunt Mary is coming to-morrow. Well, I forgot to mention a rather annoying circumstance with regard to her. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud in order to be heard. It will be rather inconvenient, but I know you will do everything to make her stay agreeable."

Mrs. S. announced her determination to make herself heard if possible.

I then went to John T., who loves a joke about as well as any person living; told him to be at my house at 6 p. m. on the following evening, and felt comparatively happy.

While coming from the depot in the carriage with my aunt, I said:

"My dear aunt, there is one rather annoying infirmity which Anna has. She is very deaf, and although she can hear my voice, to which she is accustomed, in its ordinary tones, yet you will be obliged to speak extremely loud to be heard. I am sorry for it."

Aunt Mary, in the goodness of her heart, protested that she rather liked speaking loudly, and that to do so would afford her great pleasure.

The carriage drove up. On the steps was my wife—in the window was John T., with a face as unutterably solemn as though he had buried all his relatives that afternoon. I handed out my aunt; she ascended the steps.

"I am delighted to see you!" shrieked my wife, and the policeman on the opposite sidewalk started, and my aunt nearly fell down the stoop.

"Kiss me, my dear!" howled Aunt Mary, and the hall lamp clattered, and the windows shook as with fever and ague. I looked at the window—John had disappeared. Human nature could stand it no longer. I poked my head into the carriage, and went into strong convulsions.

When I entered the parlor, my wife was helping Aunt Mary to take off her hat and cape, and there sat John with his face of woe.

There was silence for the space of five minutes—the ladies evidently rallying their voices for a talk.

Suddenly. "Did you have a pleasant journey?" went off my wife, like a pistol, and John nearly fell from his chair.

"Rather dusty!" was the response in a war-whoop, and so the conversation continued.

The neighbors for blocks around must have heard it. When I was in the third story I heard every word plainly.

In the course of the evening, my aunt took occasion to say to me:

"How loudly your wife speaks, Alf—Don't it hurt her?"

I told her that all deaf persons talk loudly, and that my wife, being used to it, was not affected by the exertion: and that Aunt Mary was getting along very nicely with her.

Afterwards my wife said privately:

"Alf, how loudly your aunt talks."

"Yes," I said, "all deaf persons do. You are getting along with her finely; she hears every word you say;" and I rather think she did.

Elated by their success at being understood, they went it hammer and tongs, till everything on the mantel-piece clattered again, and I was seriously afraid of a crowd collecting in front of the house.

But the end was near. My aunt, being of an inquiring turn of mind, was desirous of finding out whether the exertion of talking so loudly was not injurious to my wife. So—"Doesn't talking so loudly strain your lungs?" said she, in an unearthly hoot, for her voice was not so musical as when it was younger.

"It is an exertion!" shrieked my wife.

"Then, why do you do it?" was the answering scream.

"Because—because—you can't hear if I don't!" squealed Mrs. Alf.

"What?" said my aunt, fairly rivaling a railroad whistle this time.

I began to think it time to evacuate the premises, and looking around and seeing John had gone. I slipped into the back parlor. There he lay, flat on his back, with his feet in the air at right angles to his body, rolling from side to side with his fists poked into his ribs, having a most agonized expression of countenance, but not uttering a sound.

I immediately and silently assumed a similar attitude; and think that from the relative positions of our boots and our heads, and our attempts to restrain our laughter, apoplexy must have inevitably ensued if a horrible groan which John gave vent to in endeavoring to suppress his risibility, had not betrayed our hiding place.

In rushed my aunt and my wife, who by this time comprehended the joke, and such a scolding as I then got I never received before, and hope never to receive again.

I know not what the end would have been if John, in his endeavors to appear respectful and sympathetic, had not given voice to such a diabolical noise, something between a groan and a horse laugh, that all gravity was upset, and we screamed in concert.

I know I was very wrong and all that, but I think that "Mrs. Opie on Lying" herself would have laughed if she had seen Aunt Mary's countenance when she was informed that her hearing was defective.

SLEEP.

The simplest processes of nature are usually the most difficult of scientific explanation. Nature, though personified as a woman, can keep a secret well. She does her work with the quietness of perfection that is neither vain nor impatient of observation, and she leaves us to verify our guesses at her methods as we may. And the larger part of what is called science is still unverified guessing. But *savants* are men not easily discouraged. A theory with them is often better than a fact, inasmuch as invention is more glorious than discovery; and humility is not a common scientific grace.

Within the last few years French and English physiologists have been endeavoring to find out, among other things, how we sleep. Many interesting phenomena of sleep have been recorded, and various theories proposed, which neither agree with each other, nor offer any satisfactory solution of the problem. All are doubtless colored by the personal experiences of the theorists, for the experiences of sleeping are as different with different individuals as those of waking. One considers sleep a state of "passive congestion;" another thinks it "not a unity of state, but a series of fluctuating conditions;" one believes that we always dream when asleep; another that dreams are but the doorkeepers of a mysterious, silent temple. However these things may be, the most interesting, as apparently the most practical results of these investigations, are the hints obtained in regard to cerebral circulation of the blood, and the means of affecting it in the treatment of diseases. Experiments have shown that in deep sleep the blood-vessels of the brain are nearly empty and almost motionless. It is well known that a "hot head," that is, a head full of blood, is accompanied usually by coldness of the extremities, and is unfavorable to sleep. Observing these phenomena, Dr. Chapman, an English physician, conceived the idea of treating certain diseases "by controlling the circulation of the blood in different parts of the body." In a pamphlet recently published, he says:

"I have discovered that a controlling power over the circulation of the blood in the brain, in the spinal cord, in the ganglia of the nervous system, and, through the agency of these nervous centres, also in every other organ of the body, can be exercised by means of cold and heat applied to different parts of the back."

Thus, to direct a fuller flow of blood to the brain, he would apply ice to the back of the neck; and to diminish that flow, would use, similarly, hot water bags. His experience has led him to believe that this simple remedy, the application of heat to the back of the neck, "will favor or induce sleep." If this be so, Dr. Chapman is entitled to the thanks of all wakeful persons and their friends, for the discovery of so short and plain a road from the purgatory of waking visions to the paradise of sleep.

But the best way is to avoid the necessity for remedies if possible. To this end, do as much of your work as you can by daylight, and let your evening employments be at least lighter than those of the morning and afternoon. If you must read, let the book be entertaining and not too instructive. Let alone mathematics and philosophy, for two good hours before you go to bed;—any novel will do you less hurt. Half the pale cheeks of the children are owing to the evening study which many of the more advanced schools demand. Go to bed refreshed in mind, and when morning comes you will find yourself refreshed in body also. Go to bed good-natured;—there are more reasons than one why we should not "let the sun go down upon our wrath." An angry man is an unquiet sleeper.

"The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast;
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and darkness in the mind;
Darkness but half his work will do—
'Tis not enough,—he must find quiet too."

PAPER MONEY IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—The Albany *Argus* says:—Dr. James Thacher (an ancestor, we think, of Hon. George H. Thacher, of this city) was a surgeon in the army of the Revolution, and, in 1827, published the journal or diary kept by him from 1775 to the close of 1783. It is a readable and interesting volume. His remarks, which we find under date of September, 1782, concerning the influence of the Government paper money of that day, have a terrible significance at the present time. We copy:

"The continental money having answered the great purpose of carrying on the war hitherto, being depreciated to a mere shadow, has now ceased to circulate, by common consent of the people. It had by its extraordinary depreciation become the bane of society, corrupting the morals of the people by exciting a rage for speculation among all classes. Reckless of all considerations of honor, justice, gratitude or humanity, the mechanic, the farmer, the merchant, and men of science, scrupled not to involve themselves in paper money speculations, in which brothers defrauded brothers, children parents, and they in their turn spared not their children. Widows and orphans whose annual interest were their only support, were impoverished and ruined. Creditors were frequently obliged by the tender laws to receive their dues in depreciated money, for specie that had been lent in full confidence of realizing its value in return. Instances were not wanting of old debts being paid when the paper money was reduced in value to more than seventy for one; and in Virginia, it is said, when three hundred for one.

MECHANICAL GENIUS.—The *Patrie* contains the following:—"A youth, aged 18, belonging to a respectable family of Paris, was, about a year ago condemned for theft to five years imprisonment. His conduct in prison being quite exemplary he gained the good opinion of the director, who soon remarked in him a peculiar aptness for mechanical contrivances. A few days ago he begged the director to tell him what o'clock it was, that he might set his watch. 'You have a watch then?' asked the director. 'Only since yesterday, sir,' said the prisoner, and to the astonishment of the director produced one made of straw! This little master-piece is two and a half inches in diameter, about half an inch thick, and will go for three hours without winding up. The dial plate is made of paper, and a pretty straw chain is attached to the whole. The instruments and materials the prisoner had at his command were two needles, a pin, a little straw and paper. Several persons of distinction, moved by this surprising genius for mechanics, are now endeavoring to obtain his liberation.

THE GRAVE OF HENRY CLAY.—The editor of the Fort Wayne *Times* has been on a journey through Kentucky, and went to pay his devotions to the grave of Henry Clay. In the cemetery not far from Lexington, he searched for it first among those covered with entablatured slabs, obelisks, pyramids and imposing monuments, but the name was found on none of these; he sought it among less imposing tablets, but found it not. A lad at last led him to the spot, where a little mound, marked only by the footprints of devoted countrymen, told that the great Commoner still lived in the hearts of the people. Near by was the monument affectionately inscribed by Mr. Clay to his mother. On an adjoining eminence, which is a beautiful site—with an area of half an acre, circular in form—the people of Kentucky are to erect a monument of Kentucky marble, of beautiful design, which is to rise a hundred and twenty-nine feet in height, under which the remains of the noble son of our sister State are to be deposited.

—The following *count* (!) may be found in the files of a justice of the peace, but we presume not elsewhere It is a literal copy:

"Then and there to answer to the plaintiff in a plea of the case, for that heretofore to wit on the 29th day of March, 1859, the parties did trade and swapt dogs with an understanding that if the slut was not what she was recommended then the dogs was to be exchanged back—all which the defendant refuses to do together with other wrongs, to wit the use of the dog for a great length of time then elapsed."

GENIUS AND LABOR.—Alexander Hamilton once said to a friend:—"Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make, the people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought.